

One Square 3 Months, ..... 5.00 One Square 6 Months, ..... 9.00 One Square 12 Months, ..... 15.00 Liberal deductions made for larger spaces Transient Advertisements inserted at Two Cents per line.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

VOL. 10.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1880

NUMBER 13

The Wilson Advance.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1880



Poetry.

Be Happy While Ye May.

Our triumphs are but Dead Sea fruits; Our pleasures are but toys; There's lassitude in all pursuits; There's languor in all joys. We're fancy's fools we're slaves of hers, From life's first daisy dawn; And all our wise philosophers But teach us how to yawn!

JOHN JONES' NEW LEAF.

A STORY FOR RURAL HUSBANDS.

It was a dreary kitchen—the walls were dirty and smoky, the breakfast dishes stood on the table in the middle of the floor, the cooking stove was open to it, and cold ashes on its hearth...

WILSON COLLEGIATE SEMINARY

Best talent employed in all departments Situation unusually healthy. Best of session of 20 weeks, including fuel, lights and furnished room \$90.00.

W. A. Barbrey,

WILSON, N. C. AGENT FOR THE

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE.

This is one of the best machines sold in this State and never fails to please. Send for circulars and price list.

R. P. Bayley & Co.,

IMPORTERS OF—

CROCKERY.

GLASS-WARE, LAMPS ETC. 27 HANOVER STREET, H. M. LANTIER. BALTIMORE

J. T. Young & Bro.

DEALER IN— FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE.

Plain Gold Jewelry, Rings, Badges, &c.

The best \$10, castor, and \$5.00 clock ever sold. American watches at the lowest prices.

WIRE RAILING

ORNAMENTAL WIRE WORKS, DUFUR & CO., 25 North Howard St., Baltimore.

helpmate, don't you know. The girls will be big enough in three or four years to help you, and then you can take times easier; and maybe by that time the bottom farm will be paid for...

"How long since you brought in this water?" he asked, as he took a drink from the dipper. Finding it not cool he squirted it out coolly right on the floor among some pans that had slipped down off a shelf.

"Well, I'll try," she said, hopelessly and she slipped her shoes off so that she might step softly and with more comfort. All working women know what a task it is to put a disordered kitchen into neatness, especially when little children have been about.

The Capture of Turkoman Women by the Persians.

The capture of Turkoman women by the Persian Governors is one of the great crimes of Persian rule in the district east of the Caspian Sea. An order, says Major Butler, of the British army, "is sent to one or more of the Governors of those districts to the effect that no presents have been forwarded to the Shah by them of late...

In half an hour or so he was ready to sit down on the floor on a quilt, and she left him long enough to carry three or four pails of the skimmed milk to the pigs—two pail-fuls at a time, and she went on the run. She always fed the pigs when she asked her husband once to carry the milk to the pen on his way out to his work.

Withal the mother was quite patient and almost every day could her voice be heard, even down to the lower field and the schoolhouse singing. "A charge to keep I have" or "God moves in a mysterious way."

"Oh, John," said the little woman, slipping up her sleeves and tying on a blue apron and trying to keep her face turned away to hide the gathering tears, "with four children and the baby sick, and three cows to milk, and the calves to feed, and hands to cook for and all the other work to do, I only wonder that I get half my chores done in a whole day."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how it is," said he; "my mother had ten living children, and she managed to get along first-rate, and do all her own weaving, besides taking in weaving for the neighbors. You have more room than she had and you don't have to carry water forty rods, like she did—here it is, right at the foot of the hill; and you never have to cut your own firewood, either, unless it is in the midst of harvest, and I think you shouldn't complain."

Weeks after, when he was able to rick out, the old whimsical buggy...

that had done good service in the days of his church-going parents, was made comfortable by a soft woollen blanket and an armful of sweet smelling oat straw. John didn't tell where he was going, but he looked wise, and his mouth had a perky look about the corners that seemed to say: "Just let me alone; I know what I'm about."

It was even when he came home.— He was still wise as when he went away. His cup of hot tea was waiting and his toast and the tender little pullet fried nice and brown. He seemed really happy—jolly. He trotted the baby on his foot that night and he called his little wife Jenny, as in the days when he won her, and he let Johnny play horse with his boots, and there was such a contented, rich man expression on his face that his wife could help wondering what had made such a change in him.

The next morning the crazy old rig was called out again, and the soft blanket spread in it, and John Jones took the lines in his emancipated hands and drove off in the same direction as he did the day before.

When he returned he was accompanied by a broad-shouldered, good-looking German girl, whom he introduced to his wife as "our girl."

"She looked with amazement upon 'our girl,'" then stared at John. He soon explained things to her satisfaction.

"The upshot of the matter is, Jane that I've 'bused you long enough; the Lord help me I'll never see you make a drudge o' yourself again. It's a burnin' shame for a great lout like me to see a ferial little body like you to be a man, an' a boy, an' a dog, an' a mother, an' a nigger, an' me a savin' an' boardin' up money and means to leave to the Lord only knows who. I beg your pardon, Jane; and now you'll tell this girl, Barbary Groetz, how you want things done, an' let her take your place an' work in your stead, an' you'll live hereafter like a human man's wife out to."

By the time the speech was made the poor, weak fellow was blundering like a whale.

Poor little surprised wife! She flew to his neck and laid her head on his bosom and cried like a baby, as she said:

"John Jones! you old darling!"

"No, not a bit of a darling; just an old bear, a reg'lar old heathen, to sacrifice the best little woman under the sun, inch by inch, this way that's been goin' on for years an' years," snuffed he, as he fumbled over her face in an aimless loving way.

Then out girl Barbary, went into Jane Jones' harness, and fitted her to a fraction.

"Now, we've turned over a new leaf, go and dress up, Jenny, bless you; said the new convert.

She sat sewing putting a new band on Tub's white shirt, when the children came home school. Her back was toward the door. Tom came to a dead halt as he stepped upon the sill and then ran round to find his mother. No mother there, but the smiling, pinky faced German girl, who was paring potatoes for supper.

"Is mother dead? Oh, I want my mother!" an' circled round the house and peeped in shyly with wet eyes.

"Was that lady in a soft, gray merino dress, wearing an embroidered collar and gold ear-drops, his mother?" That pretty woman! Surely it was, for Nettie was feeling of her face, and was sparkling all over, and was saying "Is this you, mother? Why where have you been?"

"Oh, ma!" said Tom, holding her round the neck, as though she might flit away the next minute. "why, where did you go and when did you come back?"

Poor little one, how proud they were of the household drudge in her new and beautiful transformation. But this is not all. Before the first cold blast of winter came, steps were taken to save and lighten the labors of the feminine portion of the farmer's household. An auction was built to the house, a new siding was put on and painted white. New windows were added, and green blinds, and

spouting, and a wide, long, roomy porch. Closets were put up in all the rooms; the old verminy bedsteads split up and used for kindlings; new chairs were bought, including a new rocking and sewing chair for mother; a new sewing-machine, that was a love of a friend; the door yard was paved in, and the calves and colts kept where they belonged; and evergreen trees, and flowering shrubbery, and rosebushes made beautiful the new yard. An easy chain pump took the place of the moss-covered bucket that held as much as a churn. It was packed off to the barn to put clover seed in, and the heavy windlass was borne away forever from the little arms that had tugged at its ponderous weight with a sick weariness, many and many a year. The big well rope made a nice swing, out under the eaks, for Tom, and Belle, and chubby little Harry.

A Tough Huntsman's Yarn.

The following yarn which we clip from a New York paper almost equals Baron Munchauson's lie, in which he relates that while out hunting one day he saw a deer grazing in the distance. He was without shot, though he had a large quantity of powder. A capital idea struck him. He loaded his gun and used, in the place of shot, cherry seed, took aim and fired. The load took effect in the deer's head, but did him no serious damage. Some time afterwards, he was hunting in the same forest when he saw the same deer with a growth of cherry trees on his head. The cherry seed which he had shot at the deer had come up, and now the deer was a walking clump of cherry trees. A most wonderful phenomena of nature. The article referred to is as follows:

Apropos of fox hunting, there is a fox hunter in this county who tells a good story in regard to the tenacity with which foxes will cling to their lives, they in fact having more lives than a cat. The gentleman says, and he affirms with both hands that it is true, that one day while he was hunting he shot a fine fox, and as he supposed, the animal dropped dead. He went to him, and taking out his jack-knife, commenced to take off the pelt so he wouldn't have to carry the carcass home with him. He skinned it down and then palled it over and gave it any skin order to free it from the body, when the skin came off, and to the inexpressible astonishment of the hunter, the fox ran off at full speed, the hunter being unable in his surprise to raise the gun and shoot him. The dogs, however, were after him a jiffy, and the remarkable sight of a fox without his pelt scooting along over the crust with three hounds yelping on his track was then seen. The fox being in light marching order, soon distanced the dogs, and in ten minutes was out of sight.

A few days after the man was out hunting again for foxes. The hounds run one pretty sharply, and he passed through a ravine, and it being peculiarity of the fox that when he goes through a ravine he will come back to it again, no matter how wide the circuit may be. The hunter posted himself at this place and waited until he heard the bay of the hounds following the track up to near where he stood. He was on the qui vive, and got a glimpse of an animal running with great speed, that had all the resemblance to a fox, only his coat seemed glossy white. The hunter never thought of the skinned fox that ran away the day before, but supposed the white fur would be a great rarity in the market, so he fired, killed the animal, and with great expectations hurried up to where he lay, and there, lo and behold! found, instead of a white furred fox, the one he had skinned the day before, the white flesh looking like white fur in the sunlight. Seemingly the fox had not minded the lack of his skin very much, and the flesh had become, by exposure in the air, almost of the consistency of leather.

Trifles not with a Pure Heart.

Advice is cheap and plentiful. But however that may be the Leader desires to say a few words to the boys and young men. Throughout this broad land the young people are falling in love and old ones too, every day. That is all right and proper. No objection to the falling in, but look well to the falling out. Girls were made to be loved. If you associate with a sweet, admirable girl any length of time, like a three legged stool at an auction, the first thing you know you are gone. But what we started out to say is this: A great many young men fall in love and trifle with young and tender affections, when they do not know the true sentiments of their heart. They are not in dead earnest Young men one word! A true woman's heart is the highest and purest thing on earth, and the man who would trifle with a trusting heart, has but little care for what is noble and manly. Trifle not with that thing that ties life to humanity, and contains rivers of affection and innocent love for those who love it. Be true in all your dealings with the heart of a sweet woman, and she will responsibly shelter you from any blast of contemptible derision. —Winston Leuder.

Coldly Rejected.

The Secretary announced a communication from Hannah Lee, a colored widow in Raeling, who said that her husband was for a year or more an honorary member of this club. At his death she was left with nothing but a feather bed and a dog. She had braided up and tried to get along without asking any favors of anybody, but just now she was in a pinch. She wanted a hat to lay back on her head and a pair of club skates, and after passing several sleepless nights she had timidly decided to appeal to the generosity of the club.

A colored citizen of Georgia fears he will have to exodus to Kansas. He remarks: "Nebber seed sich times since I been born. Work all day and steal all night, and blessed if I can hardly make a livin'."

Josh Billings' Advice to Joe.

By awl means, Joe, get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch right in and stick your head under, and the shiver is over. There ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanuts. Menny a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel; they have all been picked up long ago; Remember, Joe, you ain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for buty exclusively; buty is likie ice; awful slippery; and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry for luv neither; luv is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some buty, becomingly dressed, with about \$250 in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house; plenty of good sense, a tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; and to this sound tooth and a warm heart. This mixture will keep in any climate and wil not evaporate. If the cork happens to be left out the strength ain't gone, Joe. Don't marry for pedigree unless it is backed by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

Why do girls elope?

"Why do girls elope?" is the very interesting query put by a contemporary. Well, there are various reasons, the principle ones being that the girls are displeased with the way their mothers do housework, and some girls have an idea that they can support husbands. And a good many of them have to do it, too.

The cooks employed by the clubs of New York

receive larger salaries than a large majority of the New York editors. But the cook don't get free passes to the circuses and minstrel shows, and the "risky matter" they prepare don't mould public opinion, as it were.

A Presidential vote was taken on a railway train out West recently,

and the result showed thirty-two more Republican ballots than passengers.